

A BRUTE.

After Abusing His Family L. P. Heldman Leaves Town.

A Man Who Would Cast a Stigma Upon the Name of Satan.

"Man born of woman is of few days and full of trouble." So it is said, but the BAZOO is of the opinion that the woman is the one who generally sees the trouble. When a man takes unto himself a wife he solemnly vows to love and cherish her through life, but how often does it happen that that woman would have been far better off had she never seen the man. At first he is all that is good, but gradually gets colder and colder, and neglects her more and more, until life itself becomes a burden to her; and how often is it that the hardened wretch, who is unbefitting the name of man, or who would taint the name of the commonest cur dog, is directly the cause of her death.

Hanging is too good for such a man. He should be driven clear of the state before others follow his example. Whisky is no excuse for a man's abuse to his family, but the drunkard is an angel by the side of the man, who, through pure cussedness, assaults the one who should be dearest on earth to him.

Rumor spread through the town yesterday that L. P. Heldman had deserted his family, leaving them in somewhat destitute circumstances. A reporter called at their residence on Third and Massachusetts streets to learn the particulars.

He found the wife and daughter at home, and when he had stated his business, they talked freely.

The following is substantially her story. We have lived in Sedalia a long time—about eighteen years. My husband is a mechanic working in the machine shops in East Sedalia. I have two children here—my daughter by my side and a son who keeps a lemonade stand on the corner. I do not like to make this matter public but I have suffered all a mortal could bear. I make this public for the sake of my children and to let the people where we formerly lived, Ravenna, Ohio, know just how this business is. I think my husband intends to return to that place. He left yesterday for Kansas City, I think, but don't know.

My husband has neglected me and been cruel to me and my children for years, but has been worse since Christmas than before. He never drank. He often used very abusive language to us, and sometimes even struck and beat us.

He has never provided well for us but keeps his money for himself. Frequently we have had scarcely anything to eat and have been saved from want by the kindness of neighbors. Often when I have wanted anything for the family he would not get it but abuse me for asking him for it. He has treated his children in the same way.

Lately he has become much worse than formerly. I got groceries by going to my groceryman and asking him to let me have them on credit, saying that my husband would pay for them on pay day. He did go and pay for them in part but always complained that he had it to do.

He often came home for his meals and complained that I had not prepared anything for him when I had nothing to prepare, or would come in late and complain that his supper was not ready when we had been waiting for him until our patience was worn out. He came home all the time until last Friday. Since then he has been taking his meals away from home. I think he has been boarding on Fifth street for a day or two.

About a week ago he went to our groceryman and ordered him not to let us have anything more, saying he would not pay for them. When I tried to make something for myself by taking in sewing, he forbid me to do so. He said he was going to starve us out, and when he did not succeed in this he said that he would burn our property, compelling me to sell all my flowers and has wondrously broke my dishes.

Last Saturday he came home from hunting with a gun. He said that the gun was loaded for me. He pointed it at me and struck it against the gate-post so it would go off and seem to be an accident.

Early Monday morning he came into the room and laid his hand on my head heavily. Being afraid of him I screamed for help, and threw out my hand. He scratched me on the hand with a knife or something. He then ran into another room, and when I came to him he said that it was another man. His daughter said that she saw somebody go through the door. He has also tried to get into the house by prying the door open with a knife while I am in the shop. He has often threatened to kill me, and I believe that he tried to do it.

He has often tried to ruin the character of me and my daughter by talking to other people about us. I want you to ask about the standing of myself and children.

She gave the names of several whom the reporter should see.

Heldman's sister, a married lady, eloped with a man at Ravenna, O., in 1876, which was published in the papers of that date.

While they were telling this story, both the wife and daughter frequently burst into tears. The son afterwards told about the same story.

As Mrs. Heldman referred to Dr. King to verify her statements in regard to her husband's treatment of herself and daughters, and also as to their character, the BAZOO reporter sought the doctor and found him at his office, smoking a twenty-five cent cigar while a negro boy kept the flies off him with a six dollar fan. After the reporter stated his business the doctor remarked: "I don't like to get mixed up with other people's affairs, and more especially affairs of this kind; and yet I cannot always avoid to speak the truth, and I am only too glad to speak it, when, in doing so I can help the weak."

Reporter—Doctor, what do you know about Heldman's treatment to his family?

Doctor—I know that his stepdaughter, Mary Short, has lived away from home since she was a little girl 13 or 14 years old, and she and her mother have always told me that her stepfather would

not allow her to remain at home. I have waited on her repeatedly when she was extremely sick for days, and her mother had to visit her clandestinely, and always seemed in mortal terror for fear Heldman would find it out. The girl was a good and pure young woman, and seemed anxious to do something for herself, but had frequently recurring attacks of sickness of a serious nature which make it very hard on her to earn her own living.

Reporter—What do you know as to his treatment of other members of the family?

Dr.—I only know what they have told me. Mrs. Heldman had to earn the living for the family, and that while being constantly abused, tortured and threatened by Heldman. Miss Hattie, an exceedingly amiable and good young woman, and his own daughter, too, he drove out and she has been at Marshall lately—and may be there now—at work in a private family.

Reporter—What do you know about the character of Mrs. Heldman and her daughters?

Dr.—Their characters are irreproachable. Mrs. Heldman is a good, motherly old lady, who always looks, talks and acts as if her heart was just on the point of breaking. I believe that the girls are as pure and good as any in Sedalia, and that is equivalent to saying that they are as good as any girls anywhere. I never heard a whisper against one of them.

Reporter—Did Heldman beat his wife?

Dr.—I don't remember that Mrs. Heldman ever stated that he beat her. In fact she was always very reticent about family matters, except as to things which she knew that I knew something about. She is not a tattling woman, but is sad, quite and uncommunicative, except when under extreme provocation.

Reporter—Doctor, what do you think ought to be done with men who maltreat and abuse their wives?

Dr.—I can answer that question in three words—rope, tar, feathers. There is no law that will adequately reach a man who can strike the wife of his bosom and the mother of his children. I think that there ought to be enough good, strong young men in Sedalia, who love the names of mother, sister, wife and daughter, who will organize, and whenever a case occurs which needs attention, take him out, cover him with tar and shake a pillow over him. They ought to be taken out in pairs, so that they can "double up" and dance clogs with the man in the moon for an audience.

Later.

When the article was written for yesterday's BAZOO in regard to the heartrending case of desertion and cruelty of L. P. Heldman, it was not thought that so soon it would be called upon to add a second chapter to that disgraceful affair. It was thought by all that he had left for parts unknown, and that he would never be heard from again. Scarcely had the ink dried upon the paper when it was known to some that he was still in town. It seems that he is determined to carry out the threat so often made to murder his wife and family.

It is not definitely ascertained, but circumstances prove almost beyond a doubt, that he spread the report that he was going to Kansas City only to hide his whereabouts. He purchased a new suit of clothes, so that he is not easily recognized, but several are confident they have seen him since Wednesday morning.

His family, who live in mortal dread of him, feared that he might return to do some harm, and took every precaution to prevent his entering the house during the night. They securely bolted the doors and placed chairs, etc., against them. The son slept in the middle room with his bed pulled out against the door so that it could not be opened. He also had a revolver in reaching distance.

About 3:30 yesterday morning the whole neighborhood near rue Heldman residence on Third and Massachusetts streets, was awakened by piercing cries of "murder, help, help!" followed by the report of a pistol.

The police hearing the cries, and guessing what was the matter, rushed to the house. They found the back door broken in, the middle door partially open and the family almost frightened to death. Heldman, or whoever had entered, had fled, and no trace of him could be found. The son says that it must have been his father, for no one else would know so well how to open the doors.

The wife says that she and the daughter were awakened by the shock of some one breaking through the back door. She then heard the son cry out, "Mother, there is some one in the house!" The boy then seized his revolver and fired two shots into the door and wall. The person then fled and escaped the police. Heldman did not know that his son had a revolver, and it is thought the two shots gave him an unpleasant surprise. A warrant was sworn out for his arrest yesterday afternoon, and the police are on the watch for him.

Some additional facts were learned in a talk with the wife yesterday forenoon. Heldman said to her that when she was murdered he would be traveling hundreds of miles from here. He once offered his daughter, Hattie, \$500, if she would poison her mother. He also offered his son a deed to their property if he would swear that his mother was crazy.

When asked if the article in Thursday's BAZOO was severe enough, the wife said that words could not express his cruel treatment of them. She then added with emphasis, "I want you to investigate and state the character of my children for he is trying to ruin them."

Two mistakes made in yesterday's paper are gladly corrected: Mr. Heldman lived at Mansfield, Ohio, instead of at Ravenna; the daughter did not work in a private family in Marshall, but went there to try to get a class in music.

Mrs. Heldman desires that the statement made recently, on her husband's authority, that she held papers to the amount of \$5,000 from an aunt and that she was trying to get rid of him to get possession of the property, be corrected. They do not even own the property where they live as it is heavily mortgaged.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate For Overworked Females.

Dr. J. P. Cowen, Ashland, O., says: "It proves satisfactory as a nerve tonic; also in dyspeptic conditions of the stomach, with general debility, such as we find in overworked females, with nervous headache and its accompaniments."

A SURPRISED PARTY.

The Electrical Effect Produced at a Social by a Daughter's Present.

A good joke is being whispered among the bon ton concerning one of Miss Wright's pupils. The story goes that, having taken sufficient lessons to develop quite a talent for portrait painting, the young lady procured a photograph of her father, and, with Miss Wright's assistance, succeeded in producing a very handsome portrait in oil of the old gentleman. In order to surprise him with her intended present, she had it surreptitiously conveyed to the parlor and carefully screened behind a netting to await the propitious moment. The next morning, however, she made a trip to Sweet Springs, and did not return until one day last week, when she arranged for a little social, and in the midst of the festivities she mounted a chair in front of the picture and, addressing her sire in her most bewitching style, said in substance: "My dear father, our little gathering this evening is for a double purpose—for social enjoyment and to convince you of my gratitude and that your means have not been squandered when expended upon my education in the fine arts. For this purpose I have spent many hours of secret toil in producing a fac simile of your dear features, which the few who have been in the secret pronounce an exact and striking likeness of yourself, and I now desire to present it to you, with my compliments and many assurances of gratitude."

With the closing words she removed the covering and exposed to view, in a handsome gilt frame, a picture of one of Mr. Gentry's donkeys. The thrill of feeling and emotion which took possession of the entire company is beyond description, and for one moment rendered utterance impossible. Then there was a wail from the dutiful daughter of a decidedly hysterical character, a groan from the parent, and a burst of doubtful applause from the visitors. How the sudden transformation was effected in the portrait is not positively known, but the young lady charges it to her brother, and they are not now on speaking terms, while an oppressive gloom pervades the house when the subject is mentioned.

Forty-four Years Walking.

William Marion Benedict resides near Rising Sun, Indiana, and he is probably now at Elk Falls, Kansas.

William Marion, Saturday night last, stepped on an O. & M. train at Aurora, Indiana for the first time.

He told the boys that he had written to General Passenger Agent Shattuck, at Cincinnati, and told him he was going west to see his brother and wanted a forty day ticket.

Shattuck answered that he could get the ticket by putting up, and he would hold the train Saturday night at Aurora until he arrived.

Mr. Benedict got into Aurora on time and seated himself in one of the varnished cars of great luxuriance, for which that thoroughfare is noted.

At Vincennes he looked into the lunch room. He saw a dog at the door of the lunch stand and the dog barked uproariously.

"What is the matter of that dog?" said Mr. Benedict to a bystander.

"That dog has bugs; he has been living off of this lunch stand," said the stranger.

Conductor Tom Fessenden lead Benedict away and seated him in the coach and asked to see the forty day ticket. Our hero showed the ticket and in due time he arrived safely at the St. Louis union depot and landed into the embrace of Conductor Knowlton of the Missouri Pacific, who pointed toward his train and said: "There is the west, there is India and there is the best train on earth."

Benedict arrived in Sedalia at four o'clock Sunday evening. A BAZOO representative found him and interrogated him regarding his trip.

Reporter—Is this a pleasure trip?

Benedict—Yes, sir; but my head is a little dizzy.

R—How old are you?

B—Forty-four years old.

R—And never on a train before?

B—Never until last night.

R—Where have you lived all your life?

B—Born and raised in Switzerland county, Indiana, near Rising Sun.

R—How do you like it as far as you have got?

B—All right, but I don't like this dizziness.

Mr. Benedict was very fearful the confidence men would get him in Kansas City. He was told by Conductor Knowlton how to avoid them if they approached him with the long-told brother act or wanting a little money to pay freight.

Brakeman Killed.

J. M. Irvin, a brakeman on the main line of the Missouri Pacific, was fatally injured at Harrisonville, Sunday. He was making a coupling and his shoe caught in some manner dragging him under the car. The wheels passed over him cutting his right leg off above the knee, and the left leg off below the knee. He was brought to Sedalia on the morning train and taken to the railroad hospital. Everything possible was done for him, but it was evident that he could not live long. He did not survive the first shock, but gradually sank till he died at six p.m. Sunday. His home is at Mahomet, Allen county, Ohio. His uncle arrived yesterday and his remains will be taken to Leroy, Kansas, for interment.

Horses Stolen.

A pair of iron grey horses were taken from Geo. Griffin's pasture, two and one-half miles east of Smithton, some time during Saturday night. Mr. Griffin was in the city Sunday searching for them but at last accounts no clue to their whereabouts or the thief had been obtained. It was thought the robber or robbers passed through this city, but although the officers have kept a sharp lookout nothing has been seen of them.

So You Will Find.

"Benson's Caprine Porous Plasters are in the highest degree reliable," says Dr. Kalkoff, of New York. 25c.

—Some of the rubbish was removed from the streets yesterday. Some more might be removed and not do the city any harm.

A Case of Mistaken Identity.

One of those occurrences took place at the depot the other day, which are so annoying to railroad officials, to the infinite delight of those who are looking on. While the 9:30 train was standing on the track, the conductor was leaning against the door with all the carelessness and dignity common to those in such a position.

A healthy looking middle-aged lady with more than masculine boldness came through the crowd, pushing men right and left. She had on a bias cut waist and an extremely loose polonaise, and her hair was done up in an artistic wart on the back of her neck. Her eye had such a mother-in-law look that men began to hide behind beer bottles and view the horizon to see where the cyclone was going to strike.

When she saw the conductor her face lighted up with a look of triumph that now she would get her heart's desire. Marching straight up to him, and not waiting for an introduction, she spoke as one having authority:

"Give me that ticket!"

"What ticket, madam?" said the conductor, with astonishment.

"The one I gave you," said she, poking her hand to take the ticket or clutch his hair, as the occasion might demand.

"I haven't got your ticket," said he, looking around for means of escape. "Ask that gentleman," said he, pointing to a man of similar appearance and making a step forward.

"Here," said she, and that bony hand poised over his coat collar like a specter in the Arabian nights.

"That gentleman has your ticket," he remarked, as he thought of the liberty bequeathed to us by our glorious ancestors.

With one eye still on the conductor she marched up to the other victim and made a remark which was lost in the noise. But being convinced she followed him off down the platform, while the conductor leaned against the door again to cuss and meditate on the probable effects of the spots on the sun.

Samson's Legs and Locks.

When Delilah clipped off Samson's locks that mighty athlete at once became "as other men." If it could be proved that the possession of luxuriant hair would enable men to tear open lions' jaws, Hiccox & Co would be driven wild in the effort to supply enough of Parker's Hair Balsam to meet the demand. As it is the Balsam prevents your hair from falling out and restores the original color if faded or gray. Besides it is a great addition to the toilet table simply as a dressing.

A Worthy Woman.

Mrs. Cringle, the wife of the man recently sent to the insane asylum is now living on South Engineer street and is in destitute circumstances. Some time ago some of the liberal-hearted railroaders made up a collection of \$10 and presented it to her, and the county court gave her \$3, but this is now exhausted and the poor woman is now suffering for want of the actual necessities of life. She is the mother of six children, the oldest of which, a girl of 11 years, wants to get a position to care for a baby, or do some other kind of light work in a private family.

Mrs. Cringle is a deserving lady and if there are any charitably disposed ladies in the city, here is certainly a chance to show it. By all means let some of Sedalia's ladies take the matter in hand and help Mrs. Cringle out of her trouble.

Collision.

Yesterday morning's west bound cannon ball train collided with a work train between Lees Summit and Little Blue. None of the passengers were injured but a brakeman on the work train named Tom O'Carroll was killed.

The accident is said to have been the fault of the employees of the work train and Low Thomas was sent out to relieve Conductor Seymour, and Al Hunnicke to relieve Engine Batteries. The wreck has been cleared away and trains are running as usual.

A Vicious Brute.

The Warsaw Times says: Last Thursday a ferocious sow entered the house of John Dalton, living in the western part of this Township, and seizing a fourteen month child dragged it away, and but for the prompt action of the mother who was attracted by the piercing shrieks of the infant, would have devoured it while still living. The beast was unwilling to relinquish its prey, and was driven off with great difficulty. Mr. Dice informs us that the child, though badly torn and mangled, will probably survive its terrible injuries, but it seems to us that the lesson is one that ought not to be lost in permitting such animals to run at large.

To Bee Keepers.

There will be a meeting of the bee keepers of Pettis county at the fair grounds for the purpose of organizing a Bee Keepers' association, at which time there will be officers elected and a constitution and laws adopted. G. H. Ashworth, J. W. Mills, L. B. Rhodes, J. W. Mills.

Died.

The Rev. Keck, an old and respected citizen of this county, died Sunday morning. He was afflicted with cancer of the stomach. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon, from the First Baptist church. Mr. Keck was 60 years of age, and had many friends in this city, who deeply mourn his demise.

Don't Use Liniments or Ointments.

One Benson's Caprine Porous Plaster is better than all the greasy compounds you can carry. Twenty-five cents.

A Good Showing.

The Citizens National bank of Sedalia recently declared a semi annual dividend of 6 per cent. on its capital stock. Its undivided profits were \$4,100, equal to 10 per cent. gain. This certainly shows a thriving condition for the bank and the city, and it is doubtful if it can be equaled in the state.

Will Not Resume.

Jersey City, N. J., July 3.—The employees of the branches of the Central railway in New Jersey, are being paid their May wages to-day but say they will not resume work until the June payments are also made.

NEARLY MURDERED.

Robert Beatty, of Springfield, Ill., Beaten and Robbed at Hannibal.

Robert Beatty, of Springfield, Ill., passed through the city Monday evening, en route to Kansas City, and told a BAZOO reporter how he had been assaulted by thugs in Hannibal, beaten, robbed and left for dead.

He arrived in Hannibal Saturday in company with a friend and they intended to go right through to Kansas City. At Hannibal they changed cars, and by mistake got on the H. & St. Joe instead of the K. & T. train. They were not aware of their mistake until the train had reached the western suburbs of the city, and here they were informed by the conductor that they were on the wrong train.

The train was stopped and they alighted intending to walk back to the city, a distance of about a mile and a half. As the night was very dark and the street light poor they could hardly find their way, and not thinking about meeting anyone they were of course off their guard.

They had proceeded half the way when they were overtaken by four thugs, with which the city abounds, who at first only pushed them around, but afterwards knocked them right and left. His friend succeeded in making his escape by running, but he was not so fortunate, and it was not long before all four of them jumped onto him.

After beating him in a horrible manner, they threw him in a ditch and left him for dead, having first appropriated \$400 of his money and a gold watch. Mr. Beatty remained in the ditch being too weak to move, from 11 o'clock Saturday night until Sunday morning, when he was found by a colored man who was looking for his cow. Fortunately for both, the gentleman who escaped had the railroad tickets or they would probably have been taken also, hence they were able to proceed on their way to Kansas City.

Mr. Beatty says he is confident he would know the men again if he saw them, and gave the police a pretty good description of them before he left Hannibal. He said he would have stayed and helped the police ferret the case out, but urgent business called him to Kansas City, and, anyhow, he did not have much faith in ever recovering the money again. However, he intends to stop at Hannibal on his return trip.

It is about time the citizens of Hannibal were doing something to rid their city of these cut-throats, men who do nothing but live around and assault the first unlucky individual who falls in their way. She is getting famous and widely known for the bold robberies and cold-blooded murders committed within her limits, and it seems as though no one is ever captured and made to pay the penalty of the crimes. Let the citizens procure a piece of hemp, build a scaffold, and arrange for a six foot drop necktie sociable. Perhaps this will influence these midnight marauders to desist their nefarious work.

A Narrow Escape.

A farmer named Van Dyke, residing about thirteen miles from the city, came to town yesterday with a load of wood. As he was driving up Third street he noticed an engine standing on the track near the Third street crossing. As the engine was not moving, however, and the flagman told him he could cross, he did not stop the team. He had not proceeded more than half way across the track when the engineer opened the throttle and moved the engine. The horses became frightened and turned squarely around, nearly upsetting the wagon, but Mr. Van Dyke succeeded in turning them down Third street, until they came to Hancock street, but here he lost complete control of them and they ran south on Hancock street like a streak of lightning. Mr. Van Dyke held on like grim death until near the hospital, when the frame fell off, and he was precipitated to the ground. He was picked up and carried to the hospital, where it was found one of his legs was broken at the ankle. Besides this he sustained no other injury, and he may well consider himself lucky, for every one who saw the team run away held their breath, each moment expecting to see him dashed to the ground and be killed. The train ran over on the prairie before it was stopped and then the wagon was a complete wreck.

Rather Reckless.

A man named McCullough was having a little too much fun all by himself in East Sedalia Monday evening. He was shooting a revolver rather recklessly and fired a shot through the residence of Mr. Miller, on Boonville street. The ball went through the frame building and lodged in the wall on the opposite side of the room. It fortunately happened that no one was in the path of the bullet at the time or something serious would have probably been the result. As it was the occupants were badly scared. Mr. McCullough had better be a little more careful with his revolver in the future.

A Trying Scene.

Scene—Front door steps. Time—Sunday night, 10:30. Gent—Good night, dearest, I feel sad at leaving.

Girl—I am looking for that dog. Sometimes he grabs people who are leaving.

Gent—Do you have him trained?

Girl—Oh, yes, sir. Dog growls; gate slams; curtain falls.

Tal Hay.

Mr. O. H. Coe brought to this office from his farm yesterday some heads of timothy measuring 11½ inches, the stems being six feet and nine inches in length. This is the best evidence of the fertility of Pettis county's prairies, and until some one produces a better showing the BAZOO will claim for it the championship. It is only necessary to add, this timothy was not taken from new meadow.

Acquitted and Reinstated.

New York, July 3.—A judicial court presided over by Bishop Harris, of the Methodist Episcopal church, last night acquitted Rev. Dr. Bristol of all charges of immorality and restored him, unstained, to the ministry, reversing the action of the Newark conference.

THE RAILROADS.

How They are Working and What the Employees are Doing.

—The shops will not be open until Monday. Some of the boys are complaining about the short time.

—G. Benton, a laborer on the Lexington branch, was brought to the hospital yesterday with a mangled foot.

—Daniel McCarthy, the Missouri Pacific spring setter, has resigned his position, and left yesterday for his old home at Louisville, Ky.

—There has been no engines in the shops for several days which were badly damaged. The foreman says they are all doing very good work.

—J. Galian, an old Missouri Pacific boy, left yesterday evening for Holden. He will run an engine on the K. & A. road for a short time.

—While the shops are closed to-day and to-morrow the Westernhouse stationary engine which runs all the machinery of the shops will be repaired. It will have a new gang plank put on.

—Some little fun was created in the west round house yesterday by a boy trying to manage a large hose. The water power was too much for him, throwing him down and giving him a free bath.

—Quite a number of the boys will go to the Lamine river fishing and hunting to-day. They are going in wagons, and will take fishing tackle, guns, etc., especially the etc. They anticipate a good time.

—Six new narrow gauge railroad cars and two hand cars passed through the city yesterday. The rail cars are built expressly for carrying rails for construction work. There is nothing but a frame, trucks and drawheads to them. On the top of the frame are small cleats for the purpose of preventing the rails from falling off. Taken altogether it is a handy contrivance.

—Chief Engineer Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and three committees of engineers of the Jersey Central railroad, will visit Receiver Keim, of the Reading, to-day, on the subject of obtaining the wages for employees. If they do not get a definite answer, they say, all the men on the Jersey Central, Southern Central and Lehigh and Susquehanna roads will strike.

—The Missouri Pacific company has announced that arrangements have been made with the Mercantile Trust company to cash the coupons, due July 1, on New Orleans Pacific bonds and will hold the coupons, uncanceled, subject to redemption. The dividend and interest payable at Boston amount to \$9,443,649, made up of interest on bonds, \$5,900,641; dividends on manufacturing stocks, \$654,500; miscellaneous disbursements, \$1,049,999.—Globe-Democrat.

LEGISLATION AGAINST BAGGAGE SMASHERS. The New York legislature, at its last session, seems to have been the most vigorously reformatory body that has ever been seen in legislative halls. Many of its measures have been duly commented upon; but one has escaped notice until recently; and it is now learned that a bill was passed making the destruction of trunks, boxes, valises or packages by the railway baggage smasher a misdemeanor, with a penalty of \$50 for each offense. As the law makes the railway, which employs the baggage smasher, responsible for his havoc, travelers may rest in peace while their Saratogs and hat-boxes are in transit. There will be no more hurling of trunks from the cars to the platform as if they were a new kind of a projectile, and a gaping trunk revealing all the fair owner's new dresses will become a rare sight. The Pittsburgh Dispatch says if the New York legislature will only pass a law protecting the public from having popcorn packages and flash literature hurled in its lap while it is sitting inoffensively in the cars, that state will become the elysium of travelers.

Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters. Frazier's Root Bitters is not a dram shop beverage, but is strictly medicinal in every sense. They act strongly upon the Liver and Kidneys, keep the bowels open and regular, make the weak strong, heal the lungs, build up the nerves and cleanse the blood and system of every impurity. Sold by R. E. Hostettler. \$1.00.